

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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The Collegiate Church of St. Katharine.



In the progress of improvement it is curious to see the changes which take place in various sites of London. The great fire of 1666 destroyed a considerable number of churches, many of which were never rebuilt, but the ground was occupied by houses; and since that time the absorbing nature of our commerce has called for the demolition of other edifices of a sacred character. A part of the Bank of England stands upon the site of a church dedicated to St. Christopher; the new post office occupies the ground on which there was once a monastery, and in a few years the ancient cathedral church of St. Katharine will be removed, and vessels will float where the devout now pray.

This church, which is situated on the east side of the Tower of London, is attached to the oldest ecclesiastical community existing in England, and which survived the shocks of the Reformation and the puritanical frenzy of the succeeding age. We reserve, however, for another number of the MIRROR, the history of

St. Katharine's hospital, and shall confine ourselves to an account of the church, of which we present a very fine view, from Mr. Nichols's History.

The hospital and church of St. Katharine were founded in 1148; but the body of the present edifice is supposed by Dr. Ducarel to have been built by Thomas de Beckington, who was master of the hospital in 1438.

This edifice stands due east and west, and has a cloister on the north side, formed by the masters and brothers' houses. The sisters and beadswomen's apartments, lately removed, were on the south side.

The length of the church is sixty-nine feet; breadth sixty feet; length of the choir sixty-three feet; breadth thirty-two; height of the roof forty-nine.

This venerable building has undergone so many repairs, and has been so much altered and disfigured, that it is almost impossible to describe its original features. The repairs were doubtless necessary; but the workmen should have been compelled

to adhere to its original outline. Any man possessed of the least taste must acknowledge this truth.

The church was repaired in 1618; had a gallery built at the west end in 1613; and great additions were made thereto in 1621. In 1620, Sir Julius Cæsar, then master of the hospital, caused the whole outside to be covered with rough-cast at his own cost, which amounted to 250*l*. At the same time a clock-house was built.

Hollar has fortunately preserved a south-west view of the church, as it appeared in 1600. But he is incorrect in giving six windows on the side of the south transept, instead of five.

The most interesting memorial in this church is the fine monument to the memory of John Holland, Duke of Exeter. On the south side of the altar is an engraved copper-plate, encased in a semi-circular arch; under which, on copper, are the effigies of a man and his wife in the dress of the times, kneeling on tasselled cushions, at a double desk. Their hands joined in the attitude of prayer. On the desk a book lies open before each of them. On the velvet covering hanging round the desk are these words:—

"He deceased
ye 4th daye of
March, 1599.
Ætatis aye L."

Under the above is the following inscription:—

"Here dead in part, whose best part never dieth,

A benefactor, WILLIAM CUTTING, lyeth;
Nor dead if good deedes could keepe men alive,
Nor all dead since good deedes do men revive:
Gunville and Kaies his good deedes make record,
And will (no doubt) him praise therefore afford:
Sainte Katrins eke, near London, can it tell,
Goldsmythes and Merchant Taylors knowe it well;

Two country townes his civill bounty blest,
East Derham, and Norton Fitz Warren West.
More did he than this table can unfold,
The world his fame, this earth his earth doeth hold."

Such is the church which is to be taken down in order to form a new dock. Our engraving is a north-east view, which was taken by B. T. Pouncy, in 1779.

LORD COCHRANE'S WELCOME; OR, THE HERO'S RETURN.

(For the Mirror.)

WELCOME, Cochrane! welcome back!
Rest awhile on Britain's shore;
England's sons, and English hearts
Greet thee to their land once more.

Deathless laurels deck thy brow—

Laurels gain'd in Freedom's cause:

Welcome back to Albion's soil,

Crown'd with trumpet-tongued applause!

Far and wide thy deeds have blazed—

Far and wide thy bravery's known;

And the *pile* thy valour raised

England proudly calls her own!

Welcome here—welcome back!

Furl thy flag awhile in peace;

Or, if glory lends thee on,

Let thy sword be drawn for Greece!

Let thine arm for Greece be nerved;

Bid thy thunder smite her foes;

Strike the Ottoman tyrant down;

Give the Grecian world repose;

England's eye is turn'd on thee;

Byron-like thy aid impart!

Byron, he whose spirit cries—

"Cochrane, hurl the avenging dart!"

UTOPIA.

ON THE SEASON OF YOUTH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

"That blest sunny time,

When the brow is unwealded with the roses of spring—

When undimmed by a tear, and unstained by a crime,

The heart is yet true, and hope still on the wing."

AT the risk of being suspected to be an old maid, I will venture to expatiate a little on a period which I regret to think has escaped me, and on the departure of which so much unavailing regret is felt over the whole surface of society.

Who has not felt delight in retracing juvenile pleasures, and expressed a wish for their renewal, provided maturity of intellect could be blended therewith, so as to divest them of every thing likely to interfere with the full tide of enjoyment? Indeed, I much question, if the renewal of that delightful portion of existence was practicable, whether most of us would not eagerly embrace the opportunity of again realizing that checkered era of joy and grief. Experience shows us that real sorrow widely differs from the petty disquietudes of childhood, and seeing that unalloyed pleasure robs that sensation of half its charms, it is fair to conclude that a course of uninterrupted happiness is not so enviable as one might at first be disposed to imagine.

No doubt the lingering recollections of many are deeply tinged by the conviction that this most valuable portion of existence has been misapplied or idly sacrificed, but most generally it is fair to imagine its escape is regretted, rather from the persuasion that no other period offers enjoyment so pure and delicious;

and certainly the associations with which they are blended constitute no slight feature in the interest they excite.

Our entrance into the world is bounteously cared for by a superintending Providence, and parents and kind friends abundantly supply all our wants and necessities; by them we are indulged almost to a fault, and without their generous attachment to our well being, health, and every other blessing would utterly desert us. No sooner, however, are we capable of putting forth our own strength, than the ordinary course of nature compels a dependence on our own resources; and it is then that the fabric of our happiness begins to decay. Friends and relations have tasted of our cup of joy or sorrow, but imperious nature withdraws them successively, and time, the noiseless tenor of whose way nought interrupts, renders the bright reality of our youthful days an insubstantial pageant, a gay vision of delight, that dwells in the deepest recess of the heart. It is true we can shadow forth at will both time and circumstances; but it is mournful to reflect, that it is because no after pleasures are so intense as to supply their place:—A feeling heart demands sympathy and participation in its weal or woe; selfishness is foreign to its nature; whatever, therefore, of joy or sorrow assails it, in the absence of attached and kindred feeling, is fleeting and evanescent; and such reminiscences task, instead of agreeably exercising the memory. If this faculty is sterile as regards a well spent youth, and luxuriant only in what may be characterised as thoughtless levity and vicious indulgence, what a valuable auxiliary to human happiness is sacrificed! for what is life

"When its freshness is o'er,
If its purest and holiest feelings are fled—
Deprived of the charms that enhanced it before,
Who values the stalk if its blossoms be dead?"

It has been as beautifully as truly said by an author of varied research into the wonders of creation, and with pious reverence for the great first Cause, that a tree which has borne the most beautiful blossoms, but which is found destitute of fruit when the ripeness of summer arrives, and hindering by its shade the growth of the plants around it, is viewed with indifference and often contempt by its possessor; is it not still more sad to see one who, in the sun-shine of youth was adorned with personal beauty, the gifts of fortune and the smiles of friends, when the summer or autumn of that life arrives, not merely disappointing the expectation so naturally excited, but by that very idleness becoming a bar to the fruitful-

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ness of others, so far as evil example may conduce to this end. How doubly incumbent on us is it then, if life is spared to the "sear and yellow leaf," to give evidence of careful culture in the spring, of watchfulness in the summer, in order to the bearing a worthy part in the bounteous display of autumn. This, indeed, will gain the praise of men, and what is past human estimation, the approbation of God!

JANET.

A WORD OR TWO IN REPLY TO W. F. D.'s LETTER ON GHOSTS AND SECOND SIGHT.*

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

"Another and another still succeeds."—Rowe.

SIR,—I was much amused with W. F. D.'s article in No. 151 of your interesting periodical. Some people have the faculty of being great even upon potatoes, but your correspondent is truly great on ghosts. The article he attempts to cut up, was written some time ago, and was occasioned by a perusal of Jarvis's Ghost Stories.

He commences by observing, that I "knock down all the ghosts from *Anno Domini* 1640 to 1825—because the world forsooth is getting more enlightened," and sneers also at my remarking that the increased diffusion of knowledge of late years, amongst the lower classes was one of the principal causes of their "decline and fall." A writer in a popular periodical has justly observed that "Ghosts are going out of fashion." Now I should be led to conclude from the above, that W. F. D. was one of the thick-and-thin believers in those foolish affairs yclept "Accredited Ghost Stories," if it were not disproved by some other passages in his letter. Now as to my "knocking down" Messrs. the Ghosts with a tremendous *ipse dixit* of my own." Has your correspondent mixed with the world,—if he has, he must be aware that stories of this nature are now subjects of ridicule and laughter, more than fear and trembling; not only amongst the better classes but owing to the superior degrees of information which pervades all classes of society,—also among the lower orders. Further, it is my settled opinion that Ghost Stories and "Authenticated Narratives" have principally emanated from the weak and disordered brains of ignorant people. Ignorance is generally admitted to be the mother of superstition (with a

* See MIRROR, No. 151, p. 57.

few exceptions) therefore what was implicitly believed as true in A. D. 1725, has been thought a childish affair, a hundred years after, even so late as the year 1750 there were frequently occurring instances of the persecution (and sometimes drowning) of poor old women, by persons moving in a respectable sphere of life, because they were suspected of dabbling in witchcraft.*

W. F. D. says that I "seem to be more puzzled than needs be," alluding, I presume, to an observation of mine, on *Second Sight*—My putting the word *authenticated* in italics, was intended to be ironical. The second anecdote on *Second Sight* I accompanied with the remark "if it be true." Yet in the face of this, he asserts, that I declared them to be all "unimpeachable." Facts are stubborn things Mr. W. F. D. I was staggered with the first instance, knowing the parties concerned, the individual there alluded to was of "unimpeachable" honour, and is since dead. I certainly never had the fortune of meeting with any thing in a "questionable shape" since I "strutted my hour upon the stage" and I gave the anecdote as I heard it.

The lower classes in Scotland are in many parts nearly as superstitious as ever, (I do not allude to the highlands) notwithstanding the boast that is made of their superior intelligence, they certainly are, generally, considerably better informed than a similar class in England, though a great deal of exaggeration on this subject is gone abroad, that every Scotchman can "read, write, and dabble in numeration" which I can assure you, I have found to be by no means the case.

It would be trifling with your patience, Sir, and with that of your readers, were I to argue with W. F. D. as to the identity of Samuel's re-appearance to Saul. It would be as unprofitable as it is stale. We have merely the authority of *Holy Writ* for it, *that is all!* and yet your correspondent goes so far as to assert, "But Saul never saw Samuel."

YVYAN.

P. S. Has W. F. D. ever read "Hibbert's Philosophy of Apparitions." I should advise him, if not, to purchase a copy forthwith.

* Our correspondent will see by the newspapers, that within the last fortnight a man was made to swim, to prove that he was not a wizard, in the county of Suffolk.—Ep.

LINES

On Miss Anne Maria Tree's retirement from the Stage, on Wednesday, 15th of June, 1825.

ENCHANTING Girl! I cannot part with thee
Without a sigh—thou who hast been so long
The theme of public wonder and applause.
I cannot see thee leave the mimic scene,
Where thou so often hast enchanted me
With strains that, streaming from thy dewy lips
Like balm from roses, sink upon the heart—
So softly sweet the tuneful spheres above
Seemed pouring forth their silver melody.
Ah! no, I cannot part with thee without
One last faint tribute to thy matchless worth.
And now in fancy, as I take thy hand,
Gaze on thy face—lighted with sunny smiles—
And on thy head invoke eternal blessings,
In spite of all the proud philosophy
That stoics boast, mine eye betrays a tear.
There is, when parting with a favourite,
A nameless feeling flashes on the mind,
As if a valued friend were leaving us
To inhabit other worlds—there is a pang
Comes o'er the heart, that wakes the trembling
sigh,
Resuscitates the joys of by-gone hours,
And makes keen thoughts rush to the throbbing
breast.
Farewell! farewell!—and may the happiness
That waits upon domestic retirement
Be ever thine!—may all the permanent joys
That should encircle wedlock shine round
thee!—
May no deceitful friends' insidiousness
Destroy thy peace, and tear from off thy cheek
The glow of sweet simplicity and innocence!
Oh! may you long live, and your future years
Become sweet dreams of conjugal affection!

J. W. C.

SLAVES AND SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever
earn'd."

COWPER.

THE toleration of slavery in the United States of America, is certainly a strange anomaly, and totally at variance with the free institutions of that country; and although it is confined to a few states only, yet throughout the whole republic, the negro race is treated with an insult and contempt bordering on proscription. In Georgia, where an unblushing advocacy of slavery is avowed, the introduction of slaves was at first prohibited by the laws of the colony, but when it passed from the hands of trustees under the royal authority, slaves were openly imported in great numbers. The laws by which the infamous vassalage is protected are so strict, that they preclude individual humanity, and no owner can emancipate his own slave without the sanction of the legislature. As the subject is not only

interesting in itself, but occupies a good deal of the public attention at present, we are sure the following account of the slaves and slave trade of the United States, extracted from "Letters from the South," will be acceptable to our readers:—

SLAVES IN THE UNITED STATES.

"The blacks form a distinguishing feature in the Lowlands of the South, but diminish in numbers as you travel towards the mountains. They are of a great variety of shades, from jet black to almost white. Indeed, I have seen some of them who were still kept in bondage, whose complexions were rather lighter than their masters. I was much puzzled to account for these apparent caprices of nature in bestowing such singular varieties of complexion; but I soon found that she had good reason to justify her.

"The negroes are in general a harmless race, although they are more apt than their masters to transgress the laws, because a great many things that are lawful to white men, are forbidden to the blacks. Being, in general, more ignorant than the whites of the poorer classes, they are of course more given to petty vices, and are, perhaps, not so honest. They seldom, however, commit any capital crime, except in revenge for a long series of execrable tyranny practised by some unfeeling brute of an owner or overseer. They seem, indeed, a gay, harmless, and unthinking race; for those who are likely to have few agreeable subjects for their thoughts, Providence seems kindly to divest, in some degree, of the capacity to reflect long on any thing. They are by far the most musical of any portion of the inhabitants of the United States, and in the evening I have seen them reclining in their boats on the canal at Richmond, playing on the *banjo*, and singing in a style—I dare say, equal to a Venetian Gondolier. Then they whistle as clear as the notes of the fife;—and their laugh is the very echo of thoughtless hilarity.

"Woe, woe to the man who adds one feather to the weight they are destined to bear. He shall assuredly meet the vengeance of the Being who is all mercy to the weak and the ignorant—all justice to the wise and the strong. Woe to those, who, tempted by avarice, or impelled by vengeance, shall divide the parent from the offspring, and sell them apart in distant lands! a cruel and inhuman act; for it is seldom we see the ties of kindred or of conjugal affection stronger than in the poor negro. He will travel twelve, fifteen, or twenty miles to see his wife and children, after his daily labour is over, and return in the morning to his labour again.

If he obtains his liberty, he will often devote the first years of his own to the purchase of their freedom; thus setting an example of conjugal and parental affection, which the white men may indeed admire; but, it is feared, would seldom imitate.

"I am led into these reflections by a rencontre we had yesterday, with a person who was on one of those expeditions to buy slaves for the Southern market. At one of the taverns along the road, we were set down in the same room with an elderly man, and a youth who seemed to be well acquainted with him; for they conversed familiarly, and with true republican independence—for they did not *mind* who heard them. From the tenor of his conversation, I was induced to look particularly at the elder, who was an ill-looking, hard-featured, pock-marked, black-bearded fellow, whom a jury would have hanged upon very doubtful evidence.

"He was telling the youth something like the following detested tale:—He was going, it seems, to Richmond, to inquire about a draft for seven thousand dollars, which he had sent by mail, but which not having been acknowledged by his correspondent, he was afraid it had been stolen, and the money received by the thief. 'I should not like to lose it,' says he, 'for I worked hard for it, and sold many a poor d—l of a blacky to Carolina and Georgia to scrape it together.' He then went on to tell many a black perfidious tale, which I tried to forget, and threw them from my memory as the stomach does poisons. All along the road, it seems, he made it his business to inquire where lived a man who might perhaps be tempted to become a party in this accursed traffic; and when he had got some half dozen of these poor creatures, he tied their hands behind their backs, and drove them three or four hundred miles, or more, bare headed, and half naked, through the burning Southern sun. Fearful that even Southern humanity would revolt at such an exhibition of human misery and human barbarity, he gave out that they were runaway slaves he was carrying home to their masters. On one occasion a poor black woman exposed this fallacy, and told the story of her being kidnapped; and when he got her into a wood out of hearing, he beat her, to use his own expression, 'till her back was white.'

"I would not tell such tales, except that chance may bring them to the ears of the magistrates who may enforce the laws, if any there be, against this inhuman trade; or if there be none, that the legislature may be induced to wipe away this foul stain. There was a mixture of guilty hardihood, and affected sanctity, about this animal,—for he could not be a man.

It seems he married all the men and women he bought himself, because they would sell better for being man and wife! Once,—he told it with high glee,—he sold a negro who was almost blind, 'to a parson,' these were his very words, 'for eight hundred dollars.' Returning that way some time after, the parson (can it be possible?) accused him of cheating him, by selling him a fellow who could not see half a yard after sundown. 'I denied it stoutly,' continued this fine fellow, 'the parson insisted; and at last I bought the fellow back again for fifty dollars less than I sold him for. When the bargain was concluded, Pomp, said I, go and water my horse. Pomp pretended he could not see, for it was then dusk; but I took a good cudgel, and laid on till the fellow saw as plain as day light, and did what he was bid as well as any body could have done it. There, said I, you see the fellow is no more blind than you or I. The parson wanted to get him back: so I sold him again for eight hundred dollars, and made fifty by that speculation.'

"'But,' said the youth, 'were you not afraid in travelling through the wild country, and sleeping in lone houses, these slaves would rise and kill you.' 'To be sure I was,' said the other, 'but I always fastened my door, put a chair on the table before it, so that it might wake me in falling, and slept with a loaded pistol in each hand. It was a bad life; and I left it off as soon as I could live without it: for many is the time I have separated wives from husbands, and husbands from wives, and parents from children; but then I made them amends by marrying them again as soon as I had a chance. That is to say, I made them call each other man and wife, and sleep together, which is quite enough for negroes. I made one bad purchase though,' continued he, 'I bought a young mulatto girl, a likely creature,—a great bargain. She had been the favourite of her master, who had lately married. The difficulty was, to get her to go; for the poor creature loved her master. However, I swore most bitterly I was only going to take her to her mother at ———, and she went with me; though she seemed to doubt me very much. But when she discovered at last that we were out of the state, I thought she would go mad, and in fact, the next night she drowned herself in the river close by. I lost a good five hundred dollars by this foolish trick, and began to think seriously of quitting this business; which I did soon after, and set up a shop. But though I lie to every body, somehow or other, I don't get on very well; and sometimes think of returning to my old trade again.'

"Oliver and I had intended to sleep at this place, but the confession of this abominable caltiff determined us to rid ourselves of his society, for fear the house would fall, or the earth open and swallow us up for being in such company. So we left the house, praying that Providence, in pity to a miserable race, would either permit the caltiff to prosper in his present business, or graciously cause him to be speedily hanged. In justice to our own country, I ought to mention that he was not a native of the United States: had he been, I would have suppressed this story, for such a monster is sufficient to disgrace a whole nation.

"I ought to have mentioned that the negroes of Maryland and Virginia, for some reason or other, have an invincible repugnance to being sold to the Southward. Whether this repugnance arises from an idea that they will be treated with more severity, or is only the natural dislike every human being, except our fashionable ladies, feels to going to live in a strange land, far from all association with early scenes and first born attachments, I cannot tell. I know not that these poor souls are worse treated in Carolina and Georgia, nor have I any reason to believe so; certain it is, however, that they discover an unwillingness amounting almost to horror, at the idea of being sold there, and have a simple song which they sometimes, as I am told, sing with a mournful melancholy cadence, as they row along the rivers, in remembrance of home. It is merely the language of nature:—

Going away to Georgia, ho, heave, O!
Massa sell poor Negro, ho, heave, O!
Leave poor wife and children, ho, heave, O!

"The negroes have a great number of songs, of their own composition, and founded on various little domestic incidents; particularly the deaths of their masters and mistresses, who, if they have been kind to them, are remembered in their homely strains, some of which sound very affectingly, but would probably make no great figure on paper. I have heard that in some instances they go to their graves, and invoke their spirits to interpose, if they are treated ill, or threatened to be sold at a distance. There is something of the true pathetic in all this, were these people not negroes. This spoils all; for we have got such an inveterate habit of divesting them of all the best attributes of humanity, in order to justify our oppressions, that the idea of connecting feeling or sentiment with a slave, actually makes us laugh. I have read, that after the death of the famous Alphonso Albuquerque, called the conqueror of India, it

was long the practice of the natives, when they were oppressed, to go to his grave, and call upon his gallant spirit to arise and be again their protector. Such things touch the innermost heart, when told of Indians; but Black sentiment, feeling, or gratitude, is not of the real fashionable colour.

"Jogging along from the house where we left the catiff, who will one day, I fear, bring down some great calamity on the country of his birth, it was our fate to meet with another example of the tricks men will play before high Heaven, when not only custom, but the laws, sanction oppression. The sun was shining out very hot, and in turning an angle of the road, we encountered the following group:—first, a little cart, drawn by one horse, in which five or six half naked black children were tumbled, like pigs, together. The cart had no covering, and they seemed to have been actually broiled to sleep. Behind the cart marched three black women, with head, neck, and breasts, uncovered, and without shoes or stockings; next came three men, bare headed, half naked, and chained together with an ox chain. Last of all came a white man,—a white man! Frank,—on horseback, carrying pistols in his belt, and who, as we passed him, had the impudence to look us in the face without blushing. I should like to have seen him hunted by blood-hounds. At a house a little further on we learned that he had bought these miserable beings in Maryland, and was marching them in this manner to some one of the more Southern States. Shame on the State of Maryland! I say; and shame on the State of Virginia! and every State through which this wretched cavalcade was permitted to pass!"*

* For some interesting particulars respecting Slavery in the United States, see the MIRROR No. 108.

Useful Domestic Hints.

TO PREVENT AND RECOVER FROM DROWNING.

THE newspapers state that more than sixty persons were drowned in the course of a fortnight, principally in the river Thames, by incautiously bathing. Notwithstanding the directions issued by the Royal Humane Society, the most gross ignorance prevails in the treatment of drowned persons. One person recommends the use of the stomach pump, which is absurd, as water scarcely, if ever, enters either the passage to the stomach or lungs, in cases of drowning. The idea has given rise to a practice of the most

dangerous tendency—that of suspending persons by the heels, which is never resorted to but by the most ignorant, as nothing can be more injurious, or more likely to destroy any remains of vitality that may exist. The most active and useful practice is to endeavour to restore breathing, by pressing on the chest so as to excite its natural actions, after drying the patient, and placing him in a horizontal position in bed, between two blankets, applying warmth in the quickest and most convenient possible manner, both to the pit of the stomach and to the feet—rubbing the hands, arms, legs, &c. either with the hand or flannel, and persevering in this manner until medical aid can be obtained, even if no symptom of vitality should appear. Many individuals lose their lives in consequence of raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depress the head. Animals have neither notion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a person falls into deep water, he generally rises to the surface, and continues there if he does not elevate his hands; or should he move his hands under water in any manner he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe: and if he moves his legs as in the act of walking (or rather as if walking up stairs) his shoulders will rise above water, so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. These few plain directions are recommended to the attention of those who have not learned to swim, as they may be the means in many instances of preserving life.

Camden Town, April 25, 1825.

SIR,—I forward you this week some highly approved recipes, which may contribute to the comfort and relief of those who will make a trial of them. The wine recipes I have in manuscript, and are excellent; and the others, having, by our own family, been found efficacious, I may render, perhaps, a trifling service to your readers by making them generally known through the medium of your useful publication.

W. C—R.

RECIPE FOR GINGER WINE.

To every 6 gallons of water, put 15 pounds of lump sugar and 6 ounces of the best ginger sliced: boil the water, sugar, and ginger together, till the acum is completely risen; when that is taken off, pour the boiling liquor on the peels of 18 lemons, and when the liquor is cool, put in the juice of the lemons, and a few spoonful of yeast; let it work two or

three days, then put it into the barrel with a pint of brandy, close the barrel, let it stand a month or six weeks, then bottle it off.

GINGER BEER.

ONE and a half ounce of ginger sliced, 1 ounce of cream of tartar, 1 pound of loaf sugar, and a lemon sliced, put them altogether into a large pan, and pour upon them 6 quarts of boiling water; when sufficiently cool, let it work with yeast; let it stand till the next day, then bottle it, tying down the corks: it will be fit to drink in three days, but will not keep good longer than a fortnight.

GINGER CORDIAL.

ONE gallon of water, 4 pounds of moist sugar, 3 ounces of white ginger, the thin yellow rind of a large lemon, these to be set on the fire, and simmer half an hour; when it has stood till blood warm, add one pound of sun raisins and a spoonful of yeast; to be put in a large pan, and stirred twice a day whilst the fermentation continues; then press the raisins, and put all the remainder into the cask; add 1 drachm of isinglass dissolved in half a pint of brandy; when done hissing, stop it down close.

COWSLIP WINE (to make eight gallons).

TWENTY-FOUR pounds of lump sugar, the rind of 7 lemons sliced with the sugar and water; when cold, put in the juice of the lemons and 4 pecks of cowslips, with a little yeast; work it 4 days, stirring it every day; put it in a cask, and let it stand 6 weeks.

RED CURRANT WINE.

FOR an eight-gallon cask put in 10 quarts of juice, 6 gallons of water, 4 quarts of raspberries, and 27 pounds of lump sugar.

FOR SPASMS.

CAMPHOR-JULEP 3 or 4 table spoonful, add 15 or 20 drops of sal-volatile. This is one dose, and may be repeated 2 or 3 times a day.

EYE-WATER.

TWO drachms of white vitriol of Alexandria, 2 drachms of Iris of Florence, put into a bottle of Bristol water, shake it well, and cork it close; use it as often in a day as necessity requires.

FOR AN OBSTINATE COUGH.

TAKE a half-pound of the best honey, and squeeze the juice of four lemons upon it; mix them well together, and add a small portion of sugar-candy. A tea-spoonful may be taken every time the

cough is troublesome, and in a very short time a cure will be effected.

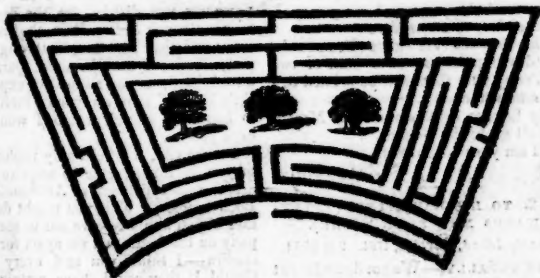
FACULTIES OF MEN AND BRUTES.

THERE have not been wanting, every one knows, great opinions to maintain that the faculties of men and brutes differ rather in degree than in kind. The delight of a pointer when his master puts on his shooting jacket is at least *prima facie* evidence that his ideas are associated as well as our own. Who that has heard the stifled bark and whine of a sleeping hound, can deny that he dreams? and ignorant as we are of the theory of dreams, to dream at least implies memory and conception. And we can ourselves relate an instance which did not reach us through the ivory gate at which our author dismisses his listeners, where a terrier displayed cunning that would have done honour to an Old Bailey attorney. Our Oxford readers are probably aware that dogs are forbidden to cross the sacred threshold of Merton common room. It happened one evening that a couple of terriers had followed their masters to the door, and while they remained excluded, unhappily followed the habits rather of biped than of quadruped menials, and began to quarrel like a couple of Christians. The noise of the fight summoned their masters to separate them, and as it appeared that the hero of our tale had been much mauled by a superior adversary, the severe bienséances of the place were for once relaxed, and he was allowed to enjoy during the rest of night, the softness of a monastic rug; and the blaze of a monastic fire—luxuries which every initiated dog and man will duly appreciate. The next day soon after the common-room party had been assembled, the sounds of the preceding evening were renewed with ten-fold violence. There was such snapping and tearing, and snarling, and howling as could be accounted for only by a general engagement:—

The noise alarmed the festive hall
And started forth the fellows all—

But instead of a battle royal, they found at the door their former guest, in solitude sitting on his rump, and acting a furious dog-fight, in the hope of again gaining admittance among the *quiescentes ordinis deorum*.

The Maze at Hampton Court.



THE labyrinth or maze was known to the ancients, and was usually a large intricate edifice, cut into various aisles and meanders, which so run and intersected each other as to render it difficult to get out of it. There were four labyrinths among the ancients: the Egyptian, the Cretan, a third at Lemnos, and a fourth in Italy, made by Porsenna, King of Etruria, for his tomb; the real object of labyrinths seems to have been to deter persons from violating tombs, by the danger and difficulty of finding their way out of them.

The labyrinth of Egypt was, according to Pliny, the oldest, and was standing in his time, though 3,600 years old. He says it was built by King Petesucus or Tithoes, but Herodotus makes it the work of several Kings; it stood on the banks of the lake Moeris, and consisted of twelve large contiguous palaces, containing 3,000 chambers, 1,500 of which were under-ground.

The Cretan labyrinth is the most famed in history or fable. Diodorus Siculus relates as a conjecture, and Pliny as a certain fact, that Dædalus constructed this labyrinth on the model of that of Egypt, though on a less scale: there is, however, much doubt as to the truth of this account.

Pliny mentions the custom of boys making mazes for their play; and Stukeley says, a round work formed into a labyrinth, at Aukborough, is called Julian's Bower.

In England there are many labyrinths or mazes; but what generally appears at present is no more than a circular work, made of banks of earth or paths, as on Catherine's Hill, near Winchester.

A labyrinth at Wickdown hill, Wiltshire, has the appearance of a large barrow, surrounded by circles within circles.

At Trinity College, Oxford, there is a labyrinth formed of yew hedges.

The maze in the gardens of Hampton Court, of which the above is a correct drawing, is also formed of hedges, which are carefully cut. It is an object of great attraction to visitors, who would be sadly bewildered were there not a guide at hand to direct their steps. The rule, however, is simple enough when known; it consists in merely turning to the left on entering, and then keeping close to the right of the hedge, until you reach the centre.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF DR. FRANKLIN.

NO. 1. TO HIS MOTHER.

Philadelphia, Sep. 17, 1749.

HON^d. MOTHER.—We received your kind Letter by this Post, and are glad to hear you still continue to enjoy such a share of Health.—Cousin Josiah and his Spouse arrived here hearty and well last Saturday noon; I met them the Evening before at Trenton, 30 miles off and accompany'd them to Town. They went into their own House on Monday & I believe will do very well for he seems bent on Industry and she appears a discreet notable young Woman. My Wife has been to see them every Day, calling in as she passes by, and I suspect has fallen in Love with our new Cousin, for she entertains me a deal when she comes home with what Cousin Sally does and what Cousin Sally says & what a good contriver she is and the like.

I believe it might be of service to me in the matter of getting in my debts, if I were to make a voyage to London; but I have not yet determined on it in my own mind, & think I am grown almost too lazy to undertake it.—

The Indians are gone homewards, loaded with presents; in a week or two the Treaty with them will be printed & I will send you one.

My Love to Brother and sister Mecom & to all enquiring Friends.

I am your dutiful Son

B. FRANKLIN.

NO. 2. TO HIS DAUGHTER (AFTERWARDS MRS. RICH. BACHE).

Reedy Island, Nov. 9th, 1764. 7 at night

MY DEAR SALLY,—We got down here at sunset having taken in more live stock at New Castle with some other things we wanted. Our good friends Mr. Galloway, Mr. Wharton, and Mr. James came with me in the ship from Chester to New Castle and went ashore there. It was kind to favour me with their good company as far as they could. The affectionate leave taken of me by so many friends, at Chester was very endearing. God bless them and all Pennsylvania.

My dear child, the natural prudence and goodness of heart God has blest you with, make it less necessary for me to be particular in giving you advice; I shall therefore only say, that the more attentively dutiful and tender you are towards your good Mamma, the more you will recommend yourself to me; but why should I mention me when you have so much higher a promise in the commandments that such conduct will recommend you to the favour of God—You know I have many enemies (all indeed on the public account, for I cannot recollect that I have in a private capacity given just cause of offence to any one whatever) yet they are enemies, and very bitter ones, and you must expect their enmity will extend in some degree to you, so that your slightest indiscretions will be magnified into crimes, in order the more sensibly to wound and afflict me. It is therefore the more necessary for you to be extremely circumspect in all your behaviour that no advantage may be given to their malevolence.

Go constantly to church, whoever preaches; the act of devotion in the common prayer book is your principal business there, and if properly attended to, will do more towards amending the heart than Sermons generally can do. For they were composed by men of much greater piety and wisdom than our common com-

posers of sermons can pretend to be; and therefore I wish you would never miss the prayer days; yet I do not mean you should despise sermons even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth; I am the more particular on this head, as you seemed to express a little before I came away some inclination to leave our church which I would not have you do.

For the rest, I would only recommend to you in my absence to acquire those useful accomplishments, Arithmetic and Book-keeping. This you might do with ease if you would resolve not to see company on the hours you set apart for those studies—I think you and every body should if they could, have certain days or hours * * [a few lines lost] * * * she cannot be spoke with; but will be glad to see you at such a time.

We expect to be at sea to-morrow if this wind holds, after which I shall have no opportunity of writing to you till I arrive (if it please God I do arrive) in England. I pray that his blessing may attend you which is worth more than a thousand of mine, tho' they are never wanting. Give my love to your brother and sister * as I cannot write to them and remember me affectionately to the young ladies your friends and to our good neighbours. I am my dear child Your ever affectionate father

B. FRANKLIN.

NO. 3. TO HIS SISTER MRS. JANE MECOM.

London, Jan. 13, 1772.

MY DEAR SISTER,—I received your kind letters of September 12 and Nov. 9th. —I have now been some weeks returned from my journey through Wales, Ireland, Scotland and the north of England, which besides being an agreeable tour with a pleasant companion, has contributed to the establishment of my health, and this is the first ship I have heard of by which I could write to you. I thank you for the receipts; they are as full and particular as one could wish—but can easily be practised only in America, no Bayberry wax nor any Brasciletto being here to be had, at least to my knowledge. I am glad however that those useful arts that have been so long in our family, are now put down in writing. Some future branch may be the better for it.—It gives me pleasure that those little things sent by Jonathan proved agreeable to you. I

* Governor Franklin and lady.

write now to Cousin Williams to press the payment of the bond: there has been forbearance enough on my part, seven years or more without receiving any principal or interest. It seems as if the Debtor was like a whimsical man in Pennsylvania of whom it was said that it being against his Principal to pay Interest and against his interest to pay the Principal he paid neither one nor t'other. I doubt you have taken too old a pair of Glasses, being tempted by their magnifying greatly. But people in chusing should only aim at remedying the defect. The glasses that enable them to see as well at the same distance they used to hold their book or work while their eyes were good are those they should chuse, not such as make them see better, for such contribute to hasten the time when still older glasses will be necessary.

All who have seen my grandson agree with you, in their accounts of his being an uncommonly fine boy, which brings often afresh to my mind the idea of my son Franky tho' now dead 36 years, whom I have seldom since seen equalled in every thing and whom to this day I cannot think of without a sigh.—Mr. Bache is here. I found him at Preston in Lancashire with his mother and sisters, very agreeable people and I brought him to London with me. I very much like his behaviour. He returns in the next ship to Philadelphia. The gentleman who brought your last letter, Mr. Fox, staid but a few minutes with me, and has not since called as I desired him to do. I shall endeavour to get the arms you desire for cousin Coffin; Having now many letters to write, I can now only add my love to cousin Jenny and that Sally Franklin presents her duty; Mrs. Stephenson desires to be affectionately remembered.

I am as ever your affectionate brother

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. No arms of The Folgers are to be found in the Herald's office. I am persuaded it was originally a Flemish family which came over with many others from that country in Qu. Elizabeth's time flying from the persecution then raging there.

NOTES.

Dr. Franklin had three children, of whom the eldest, Francis Folger Franklin, died in childhood; his second son, William, was the governor of N. Jersey, and sided with the crown in the revolutionary contest; his only daughter, Sarah, was married to Mr. Richard Bache, mentioned above, whose children and grand children now reside in Philadelphia.

Cousin Josiah, mentioned in the first letter, was Dr. Franklin's nephew, a son of his favourite sister Jane, to whom the last of the above letters is addressed.

London Magazine.

THE CURIOSITY HUNTING WIFE.

(In a Letter from Mr. Mark Higginbotham.)

FASHION has been pleased to decree that our drawing-rooms shall be overlaid, and littered, and lumbered with every species of trumpery rubbish known by the name of nick-nacks and curiosities; and my wife has been pleased to decree that her own apartments shall in this respect stand perfectly unrivalled. For the good of my fellow-creatures I sincerely hope that they are so, for I would not wantonly inflict upon others the daily martyrdom which I myself experience. I fear, however, that there are too many victims to this mania, for the great increase of "curiosity shops," as they are technically called, of which I believe there are a dozen in Regent-street and the Quadrant alone, affords a fearful evidence that our superfluous wealth is taking this childish and fantastic direction. From the wild beasts with which they were studded, I used to compare my rooms to Noah's Ark; but methinks they now rather wear the semblance of a broker's in Moorfields, or a Brobdignagian baby-house, or a cosmopolitan lumber-room, where all the uncouth, grotesque, and barbarous crinkum-crankums, gew-gaws, and toys, that have been cast away as worse than worthless, have been diligently collected to form a miserable museum. Of such wretched varieties, scarce because few people have been fools enough to manufacture them, my wife is an eager and everlasting purchaser. Ebony stands and Japan tables of all calibres are loaded with sonorous gongs, shells, Chinese shoes, glass cases of humming-birds and butterflies, huge China jars and bowls, and Lilliputian tea-cups (all equally invaluable because all equally useless), Mandarins nodding their heads at me as if in mockery, tun-bellied idols, bits of lapis lazuli and malachite, jasper and soap-stone, and geological specimens arranged in frames by Mr. Mawe, and figures of bisquit and alabaster, and little boxes of French bonbons, and every thing, in short, that can be either named or imagined, provided always that it be neither useful nor ornamental. Conceive the horror of a stout gentleman like myself being obliged to move edgeways through my own rooms, in momentary apprehension of occasioning a smash of

porcelain, and knowing by sad experience that my wife is by no means "Mistress of herself though China fall." O how have I been taunted and twitted with my *gaucherie*, as I attempted to squeeze my unwieldy figure through the straits and defiles of this bazaar; and with what sorry jokes have I attempted to retaliate the attacks to which I was exposed! "Do take care, Mr. Higginbotham, you are rubbing against that beautiful bowl." "Those who play at bowls, my dear, must expect rubbers." "If you knock down that China Joss, I shall never be able to buy another so cheap." "There you are mistaken, my dear, for after a fall you always buy things cheaper"—(By the by, I admire at her calling such a bauble cheap, for I remember the auctioneer of Pall-Mall exclaiming as his hammer fell—"only twenty-four guineas and a half.") "Good gracious! Mr. Higginbotham, one would really think you were tipsy; you will certainly knock down that Mazarine cup." "And how can I do better, if I have had a cup too much?" Miserable jokes, but how could they be otherwise when the utterer was kept in a state of perpetual misery?

Nor have my guests and visitors less reason to complain than the unfortunate wight who is thus baited and beleaguered in his own house. My friend, Admiral Binnacle, whose wooden leg describes a horizontal parabola of some extent, lately tipped down a japan table, covered with a whole wilderness of china monkeys, and though my wife really bore the calamity with firmness, the worthy Admiral, who naturally concluded they were invaluable, because they were both frightful and useless, was proportionably affected by the catastrophe, asking me, however, in a parting whisper, whether I felt authorised to set steel-traps and spring-guns in such a public thoroughfare. Old Lady Dotterell's poodle, on the very following day, jumping upon a cabinet to snap at a plumpudding-stone, made frightful havoc, shivering to atoms a china shepherd in pink tiffany ineffables, blue silk stockings, a gilt-edged cocked hat, a yellow satin waistcoat, and a flowered jacket, who, from an arbour of green and silver foil, looked tenderly out upon a couple of tinsel sheep with golden hoofs, forming altogether, as my wife had often maintained, the sweetest and most natural scene of the pastoral she had ever witnessed. And what was more provoking than all, the four-footed author of the mischief, having ensconced himself behind a nest of glass cases, and threatening to run a muck if he were maltreated, was obliged to be coaxed out of his sanctuary

with a large piece of pound cake, which the unfeeling brute seemed to consider a very satisfactory set off against the plumpudding-stone. Scarcely a day elapses but I hear a smash, a slap, and a squall, when the angry exclamation of "mischievous little monkey!" or "careless little hussey!" convinces me that either Alfred or Matilda have thrown down some worthless invaluable in threading this Cretan labyrinth. From squabbles with visitors and children, I am only relieved by perpetual altercations with the servants, who are so frequently accused of purloining, breaking, or misplacing some of our troublesome trumpery, that I am constantly presented with sulky looks and new faces. Forlorn as is the hope, I actually look forward with pleasure to the time when, my means becoming exhausted sooner than my wife's rage for collection, my museum must come to the hammer, like those of Font-hill, Wanstead, and so many others; and in the mean time I live under the conviction, that one of the most pitiable objects in creation is the husband of a curiosity-collecting wife, and the keeper of an amateur bazaar.

New Monthly Magazine.

THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

You would expect to find that the synagogue of the Jews was in some measure worthy of their capital; but, like the Christians, they appear to avoid every appearance of ornament or comfort without. Their chief place of worship is a sorry and mean-looking building, to which you descend by a flight of steps. It is situated in the midst of the Jewish quarter, and is supported, however, by some ancient pillars. The most striking ceremony of this people, is one which sometimes occurs without the walls of the city when they assemble to celebrate the festival of the tombs of their fathers. They are not allowed to do this without the permission of the Turkish governor, which they are obliged to obtain by the bribe of a handsome sum of money. The whole Jewish population gather together in the Valley of Jehosaphat, which is their favourite burying-place; because there they are to be finally judged. The ceremony is conducted with great decency, and is without any clamour or noise. They sit for some time in silence on the tombs of their fathers, with sad countenances, and their eyes fixed on the ground. Men, women, and children, are all assembled, and it is an interesting spectacle to see this fallen people mourning in the Valley of Jehosaphat, where

their kings have offered sacrifices; where their prophets have uttered their divine inspirations; and where they believe the trump of the archangel shall finally wake them to judgment. But even this consolation of assembling round the ashes of their fathers, they are obliged to purchase with money. It is well their sensibilities are blunted, and their spirit utterly bowed, or else the draught that is given them to drink would have too much bitterness, and the iron rod of the oppressor would enter into their very soul.

Ibid.

The Novelist.

No. LXXV.

BOTTLE-HILL,

AN IRISH FAIRY LEGEND.

Come, listen to a tale of times of old,
Come, listen to me.

It was in the good days when the little people, most impudently called fairies, were more frequently seen than they are in these unbelieving times, that a farmer, named Mick Purcell, rented a few acres of barren ground in the neighbourhood of the once celebrated preceptory of Mourne, situated about three miles from Mallow, and thirteen from "the beautiful city called Cork." Mick had a wife and family; they all did what they could, and that was but little, for the poor man had no child grown up big enough to help him in his work; and all the poor woman could do was to mind the children, and to milk the one cow, and to boil the potatoes, and carry the eggs to market to Mallow; but, with all they could do, 'twas hard enough on them to pay the rent. Well, they did manage it for a good while; but at last came a bad year, and the little grain of oats was all spoiled, and the chickens died of the pip, and the pig got the measles—she was sold in Mallow, and brought almost nothing; and poor Mick found that he hadn't enough to half pay his rent, and two gales were due.

"Why, then, Molly," says he, "what'll we do?"

"Wahs, then, mavournene, what would you do but take the cow to the fair of Cork and sell her," says she; "and Monday is fair day, and so you must go to-morrow, that the poor beast may be rested again the fair."

"And what'll we do when she's gone?" says Mick, sorrowfully.

"Never a know I knew, Mick; but sure God won't leave us without him, Mick; and you know how good he was to us when poor little Billy was sick, and

we had nothing at all for him to take, when that good doctor gentleman at Ballydaghin come riding and asking for a drink of milk; and how he gave us two shillings; and how he sent the things and the bottles for the child, and gave me my breakfast when I went over to ask a question, so he did; and how he came to see Billy; and never left off his goodness till he was quite well."

"Oh! you are always that way, Molly, and I believe you are right after all, so I won't be sorry for selling the cow; but I'll go to-morrow, and you must put a needle and thread through my coat, for you know 'tis ripped under the arm."

Molly told him he should have every thing right; and about twelve o'clock next day he left her, getting a charge not to sell his cow except for the highest penny. Mick promised to mind it, and went his way along the road. He drove his cow slowly through the little stream which crosses it, and runs under the old walls of Mourne; as he passed he glanced his eyes upon the towers and one of the old elder trees, which were only then little bits of switches.

"Oh, then, if I only had half the money that's buried in you, 'tisan't driving this poor cow I'd be now! Why, then, isn't it too bad that it should be there covered over with earth, and many a one besides me wanting it? Well, if it's God's will, I'll have some money myself coming back."

So saying, he moved on after his beast; 'twas a fine day, and the sun shone brightly on the walls of the old abbey as he passed under them; he then crossed an extensive mountain tract, and after six long miles he came to the top of that hill—Bottle-Hill 'tis called now, but that was not the name of it then, and just there a man overtook him. "Good morrow," says he. "Good morrow, kindly," says Mick, looking at the stranger, who was a little man, you'd almost call him a dwarf, only he was 'n't quite so little neither: he had a bit of an old, wrinkled, yellow face, for all the world like a dried cauliflower, only he had a sharp little nose, and red eyes, and white hair, and his lips were not red; but all his face was one colour, and his eyes never were quiet, but look-at every thing, and, although they were red, they made Mick feel quite cold when he looked at them. In truth, he did not much like the little man's company; and he couldn't see one bit of his legs nor his body, for, though the day was warm, he was all wrapped up in a big great coat. Mick drove his cow something faster, but the little man kept up with him. Mick didn't know how he walked, for he was almost afraid to look at him, and to cross

himself, for fear the old man would be angry. Yet he thought his fellow-traveller did not seem to walk like other men, nor to put one foot before the other, but to glide over the rough road, and rough enough it was, like a shadow, without noise and without effort. Mick's heart trembled within him, and he said a prayer to himself, wishing he hadn't come out that day, or that he was on Fair-Hill, or that he hadn't the cow to mind, that he might run away from the bad thing—when, in the midst of his fears, he was again addressed by his companion.

"Where are you going with the cow, honest man?" "To the fair of Cork then," says Mick, trembling at the shrill and piercing tones of his voice. "Are you going to sell her?" said the stranger.

"Why, then, what else am I going for but to sell her?" "Will you sell her to me?"

Mick started—he was afraid to have any thing to do with the little man, and he was more afraid to say no.

"What'll you give for her?" at last says he. "I'll tell you what: I'll give you this bottle," said the little one, pulling a bottle from under his coat.

Mick looked at him and the bottle, and, in spite of his terror, he could not help bursting into a loud fit of laughter.

"Laugh if you will," said the little man, "but I tell you this bottle is better for you than all the money you will get for the cow in Cork—ay, than ten thousand times as much.

Mick laughed again. "Why, then," says he, "do you think I am such a fool as to give my good cow for a bottle—and an empty one, too? indeed, then, I won't." "You had better give me the cow, and take the bottle—you'll not be sorry for it." "Why, then, and what would Molly say? I'd never hear the end of it; and how would I pay the rent? and what would we all do without a penny of money?" "I tell you this bottle is better to you than money; take it, and give me the cow. I ask you for the last time, Mick Purcell."

Mick started.

"How does he know my name?" thought he.—The stranger proceeded: "Mick Purcell, I know you, and I have a regard for you: therefore do as I warn you, or you may be sorry for it. How do you know but your cow will die before you go to cork?"

Mick was going to say, "God forbid!" but the little man went on (and he was too attentive to say any thing to stop him; for Mick was a civil man, and he knew better than to interrupt a gentleman, and that's what many people, that hold their heads higher, don't mind now).

"And how do you know but there will be much cattle at the fair, and you will get a bad price, or may be you might be robbed when you are coming home? but what need I talk more to you, when you are determined to throw away your luck, Mick Purcell." "Oh! no, I would not throw away my luck, sir," said Mick; "and if I was sure the bottle was as good as you say, though I never liked an empty bottle, although I had drank the contents of it, I'd give you the cow in the name?"

"Never mind names," said the stranger, "but give me the cow; I would not tell you a lie. Here, take the bottle, and when you go home, do what I direct exactly."

Mick hesitated.

"Well, then, good bye, I can stay no longer: once more, take it, and be rich; refuse it, and beg for your life, and see your children in poverty, and your wife dying for want—that will happen to you, Mick Purcell!" said the little man, with a malicious grin, which made him look ten times more ugly than ever. "May be, 'tis true," said Mick, still hesitating: he did not know what to do—he could hardly help believing the old man, and at length, in a fit of desperation, he seized the bottle—"Take the cow," said he, "and if you are telling a lie, the curse of the poor will be on you."

"I care neither for your curses nor your blessings, but I have spoken truth, Mick Purcell, and that you will find to-night, if you do what I tell you."

"And what's that?" says Mick.

"When you go home, never mind if your wife is angry, but be quiet yourself, and make her sweep the room clean, set the table out right, and spread a clean cloth over it; then put the bottle on the ground, saying these words, 'Bottle, do your duty,' and you will see the end of it."

"And is this all?" says Mick.

"No more," says the stranger. "Good bye, Mick Purcell—you are a rich man."

"God grant it!" says Mick, as the old man moved after the cow, and Mick retraced the road towards his cabin; but he could not help turning back his head to look after the purchaser of his cow, who was nowhere to be seen.

"Lord between us and harm!" said Mick: "He can't belong to this earth; but where is the cow?" She, too, was gone, and Mick went homeward muttering prayers, and holding fast the bottle. "And what would I do if it broke?" thought he. "Oh! but I'll take care of that;" so he put it into his bosom, and went on, anxious to prove his bottle, and doubting of the reception he should meet

from his wife; balancing his anxieties with his expectation, his fears with his hopes, he reached home in the evening, and surprised his wife, sitting over the turf fire in the big chimney.

"Oh! Mick, are you come back? Sure you weren't at Cork all the way! What has happened to you? Where is the cow? Did you sell her? How much money did you get for her? What news have you? Tell us every thing about it."—"Why, then, Molly, if you'll give me time, I'll tell you all about it. If you want to know where the cow is, 'tisn't Mick can tell you, for the never a know does he know where she is now."—"Oh! then you sold her; and where's the money?"—"Arrah! stop awhile, Molly, and I'll tell you all about it."—"But what bottle is that under your waistcoat?" said Molly, spying its neck sticking out.—"Why, then, be easy now, can't you," says Mick, "till I tell it to you;" and putting the bottle on the table, "That's all I got for the cow."—His poor wife was thunderstruck. "All you got! and what good is that, Mick? Oh! I never thought you were such a fool; and what'll we do for the rent, and what?"—"Now, Molly," says Mick, "can't you hearken to reason? Didn't I tell you how the old man, or whatsoever he was, met me—no, did not meet me, neither, but he was there with me—on the big hill, and how he made me sell him the cow, and told me the bottle was the only thing for me?"

"Yes, indeed, the only thing for you, you fool!" said Molly, seizing the bottle to hurl it at her poor husband's head; but Mick caught it, and quietly (for he minded the old man's advice) loosened his wife's grasp, and placed the bottle again in his bosom. Poor Molly sat down crying, while Mick told her his story, with many a crossing and blessing between him and harm. His wife could not help believing him, particularly as she had as much faith in fairies as she had in the priest, who, indeed, never discouraged her belief in the fairies: may be, he didn't know she believed in them, and may be he believed them himself. She got up, however, without saying one word, and began to sweep the earthen floor with a bunch of heath; then she tidied up every thing, and put out the long table, and spread the clean cloth, for she had only one, upon it, and Mick, placing the bottle on the ground, looked at it and said, "Bottle, do your duty."

"Look there! look there, mammy!" said his chabby eldest son, a boy about five years old—"look there! look there!" and he sprang to his mother's side, as two

tiny little fellows rose like light from the bottle, and in an instant covered the table with dishes and plates of gold and silver, full of the finest victuals that ever were seen, and when all was done went into the bottle again. Mick and his wife looked at every thing with astonishment; they had never seen such plates and dishes before, and didn't think they could ever admire them enough; the very sight almost took away their appetites; but at length Molly said, "Come and sit down, Mick, and try and eat a bit: sure you ought to be hungry after such a good day's work."

"Why, then, the man told no lie about the bottle."

Mick sat down, after putting the children to the table, and they made a hearty meal, though they couldn't taste half the dishes.

"Now," says Molly, "I wonder will those two good little gentlemen carry away these fine things again?" They waited, but no one came; so Molly put up the dishes and plates very carefully, saying, "Why, then, Mick, that was no lie sure enough: but you'll be a rich man yet, Mick Purcell."

Mick and his wife and children went to their bed, not to sleep, but to settle about selling the fine things they did not want, and to take more land. Mick went to Cork and sold his plate, and bought a horse and cart, and began to show that he was making money; and they did all they could to keep the bottle a secret; but for all that, their landlord found it out, for he came to Mick one day, and asked him where he got all his money—sure it was not by the farm; and he bothered him so much, that at last told him of the bottle. His landlord offered him a deal of money for it, but Mick would not give it, till at last he offered to give him all his farm for ever: so Mick, who was very rich, thought he'd never want any more money, and gave him the bottle; but Mick was mistaken—he and his family spent money as if there was no end of it; and to make the story short, they became poorer and poorer, till at last they had nothing left but one cow; and Mick once more drove his cow before him to sell her at Cork fair, hoping to meet the old man and get another bottle. It was hardly daybreak when he left home, and he walked on at a good pace till he reached the big hill: the mists were sleeping in the valleys, and curling like smoke wreaths upon the brown heath around him. The sun rose on his left, and just at his feet a lark sprang from its grassy couch and poured forth its joyous matin song, ascending into the clear blue sky,—

"Till its form like a speck in the airiness blending.

And, thrilling with music, was melting in light."

Mick crossed himself, listening as he advanced to the sweet song of the lark, but thinking, notwithstanding, all the time of the little old man; when, just as he reached the summit of the hill, and cast his eyes over the extensive prospect before and around him, he was startled and rejoiced by the same well-known voice: "Well, Mick Purcell, I told you, you would be a rich man."

"Indeed, then, sure enough I was, that's no lie for you, sir. Good morning to you, but it is not rich I am now—but have you another bottle, for I want it now as much as I did long ago; so if you have it, sir, here is the cow for it."—"And here is the bottle," said the old man, smiling; "you know what to do with it."—"Oh! then, sure I do, as good right I have."—"Well, farewell for ever, Mick Purcell: I told you, you would be a rich man."

"And good bye to you, sir, said Mick," as he turned back; "and good luck to you, and good luck to the big hill—it wants a name—Bottle Hill. Good bye, sir, good bye!" so Mick walked back as fast as he could, never looking after the white-faced little gentleman and the cow, so anxious was he to bring home the bottle. Well, he arrived with it safely enough, and called out as soon as he saw Molly,—"Oh! sure I've another bottle!"—"Arrah! then, have you? why, then, you're a lucky man, Mick Purcell, that's what you are."

In an instant she put every thing right; and Mick, looking at his bottle, exultingly cried out, "Bottle, do your duty." In a twinkling, two great stout men with big cudgels issued from the bottle (I do not know how they got room in it), and belaboured poor Mick and his wife and all his family, till they lay on the floor, when in they went again. Mick, as soon as he recovered, got up and looked about him; he thought and thought, and at last he took up his wife and his children; and, leaving them to recover as well as they could, he took the bottle under his coat and went to his landlord, who had a great company: he got a servant to tell him he wanted to speak to him, and at last he came out to Mick.

"Well, what do you want now?"—"Nothing, sir, only I have another bottle."—"Oh! ho! is it as good as the first?"—"Yes, sir, and better; if you like, I will show it to you before all the ladies and gentlemen."—"Come along, then." So saying, Mick was brought into the great hall, where he saw his old

bottle standing high upon a shelf. "Ah! ha!" says he to himself, "may be I won't have you by and by."—"Now," says his landlord, "show us your bottle." Mick set it on the floor, and uttered the words: in a moment the landlord was tumbled on the floor; ladies and gentlemen, servants and all, were running and roaring, and sprawling, and kicking, and shrieking. Wine-cups and salvers were knocked about in every direction, until the landlord called out, "Stop those two devils, Mick Purcell, or I'll have you hanged."—"They never shall stop," said Mick, "till I get my own bottle that I see up there a' top of that shelf."—"Give it down to him, give it down to him, before we are all killed!" says the landlord.—Mick put his bottle in his bosom: in jumped the two men into the new bottle, and he carried them home. I need not lengthen my story by telling how he got richer than ever, how his son married his landlord's only daughter, how he and his wife died when they were very old, and how some of the servants, fighting at their wake, broke the bottles; but still the hill has the name upon it; ay, and so 'twill be always Bottle Hill to the end of the world, and so it ought, for it is a strange story!

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wolton.*

EPIGRAM.—FROM MARTIAL.

SLY Paul buys verse as he buys merchandise,
Then for his own he'll pompously recite it—
Paul scorns a lie—the poetry is his—
By law his own, although he could not write it!

SOCIABILITY.

WE are but passengers of a day, whether it is in a stage-coach, or in the immense machine of the universe; in God's name, then, why should we not make the way as pleasant to each other as possible? Short as our journey is, it is long enough to be tedious to him who sulks in his corner, sits uneasy himself, and elbows his neighbour to make him ride uneasy also.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILL our correspondents allow us another week at Brighton? They will see we have neglected no part of the MIRROR except the answers to correspondents.

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